To ſearch you out.
Oth. Tis well I am found by you,
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe, and goe with you.
Caſ. Auncient, what makes he here?
Ia Faith he to night, hath boorded a land Carriack,
If it prooue lawfull prize, hee's made for euer.
Caſ. I doe not vnderſtand.
Ia Hee's married.
Caſ. To whom.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, *and others with lights and weapons.*

Ia. Marry to— Come Captaine, will you goe?
Oth. Ha'with you.
Caſ. Here comes another troupe to ſeeke for you.
Ia. It is *Brabantio*, Generall be aduiſde,
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla, ſtand there.
Rod. Seignior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him thiefe.
Iag. You *Roderigo*, come ſir, I am for you.
Oth. Keepe vp your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt em,
Good Seignior you ſhall more command with yeares
Then with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foule theefe, where haſt thou ſtowed my daughter?
Dambd as thou art, thou haſt inchanted her,
For Ile referre me to all things of ſenſe,
(If ſhe in chaines of magick were not bound)
Whether a maide ſo tender, faire, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhund
The wealthy curled darlings of our Nation,
Would euer haue (to incurre a general mocke)
Runne from her gardage to the ſooty boſome
Of ſuch a thing as thou? to feare, not to delight:
Iudge me the world, if t'is no groſſe in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practiſd on her with foule charmes,
Abuſd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weakens motion: Ile haue't diſputed on;

Tis portable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant:
Lay hold vpon him, if he doe reſiſt,
Subdue him at his perill.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt:
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould haue known it,
Without a prompter, where will you that I goe,
To anſwere this your charge?
Bra. To priſon, till fit time
Of Law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer,
Oth. What if I doe obey,
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe Meſſengers are heere about my ſide,
Vpon ſome preſent buſineſſe of the State,
To beare me to him.
Officer. Tis true moſt worthy Seignior,
The Duke's in Councell, and your noble ſelfe,
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How? the Duke in Councell?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe: the Duke himſelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as twere their owne.
For if ſuch actions, may haue paſſage free,
Bondſlaues, and Pagans ſhal our Stateſmen be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke and Senators, ſet at a Table, with lights and Attendants.

Duke. There is no compoſition in theſe newes,
That giues them credit.
1 *Sena.* Indeed they are diſproportioned,
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeuen Gallies,
Du. and mine an hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine two hundred: